

Fate, shew thy force, our selues we do not owe,
What is decreed, must be: and be this so.

Finis, Actus primus.

Actus Secundus, Scena prima.

Enter Antonio & Sebastian.

Ant. Will you stay no longer: nor will you not that I go with you.

Seb. By your patience, no: my starres shine darkely ouer me; the malignancie of my fate, might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall craue of you your leaue, that I may beare my euils alone. It were a bad recompence for your loue, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No sooth sir: my determinate voyage is meere extravagancie. But I perceiue in you so excellent a touch of modestie, that you will not extort from me, what I am willing to keepe in: therefore it charges me in manners, the rather to expresse my selfe: you must know of mee then *Antonio*, my name is *Sebastian* (which I call'd *Roderigo*) my father was that *Sebastian* of *Messaline*, whom I know you haue heard of. He left behinde him, my selfe, and a sister, both borne in an houre: if the Heavens had bene pleas'd, would we had so ended. But you sir, alter'd that, for some houre before you tooke me from the breach of the sea, was my sister drown'd.

Ant. Alas the day.

Seb. A Lady sir, though it was said shee much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but though I could not with such estimable wonder ouer-farre beleue that, yet thus farre I will boldly publish her, shee bore a minde that enuy could not but call faire: Shee is drown'd already sir with salt water, though I seeme to drowne her remembrance againe with more.

Ant. Pardon me sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good *Antonio*, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murder me for my loue, let mee be your seruant.

Seb. If you will not vndo what you haue done, that is kill him, whom you haue recover'd, desire it not. Fare ye well at once, my bosome is full of kindnesse, and I am yet so neere the manners of my mother, that vpon the least occasion more, mine eyes will tell tales of me: I am bound to the Count *Orsino's* Court, farewell. *Exit.*

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee:

I haue many enemies in *Orsino's* Court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there:

But come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seeme sport, and I will go. *Exit.*

Scena Secunda.

Enter Viola and Malvolio, at severall doores.

Mal. Were not you eu'n now, with the Countesse *Oliviana*?

Viola. Euen now sir, on a moderate pace, I haue since arriv'd but hither.

Mal. Shee returnes this Ring to you (sir) you might haue saued mee my paines, to haue taken it away your selfe. Shee adds moreover, that you should put your Lord

into a desperate assurance, she will none of him. And one thing more, that you be neuer so hardie to come againe in his affaires, vnlesse it bee to report your Lords taking of this: receiue it so.

Viola. Shee tooke the Ring of me, Ile none of it.

Mal. Come sir, you peeuishly threw it to her: and her will is, it should be so return'd: If it bee worth stooping for, there it lies, in your eye: if not, bee it his that findes it.

Viola. I left no Ring with her: what meanes this Lady?

Mal. Fortune forbid my out-side haue not charm'd her:

She made good view of me, indeed so much,

That me thought her eyes had lost her tongue,

For shee did speake in starts distractedly.

Shee loues me sure, the cunning of her passion

Inuities me in this churlish messenger:

None of my Lords Ring? Why he sent her none;

I am the man, if it be so, as tis,

Poor Lady, shee were better loue a dreame:

Disguise, I see thou art a wickednesse,

Wherein the pregnant enemy does much,

How easie is it, for the proper talke

In womens waxen hearts to set their formes:

Alas, O frailtie is the cause, not wee,

For such as we are made, if such wee bee:

How will this fadge? My master loues her deerely,

And I (poore monster) fond as much on him:

And shee (mistaken) seemes to dote on me:

What will become of this? As I am man,

My state is desperate for my masters loue:

As I am woman (now alas the day)

What thriftlesse sighes shall poore *Oliviana* breath?

O time, thou must vntangle this, not I,

It is too hard a knot for me t'vntie.

Scena Tertia.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

To. Approach Sir *Andrew*: not to bee a beddeafter midnight, is to be vp betimes, and *Delicula surgere*, thou know'st.

And. Nay by my troth I know not: but I know, to be vp late, is to be vp late.

To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an vnfill'd Canne. To be vp after midnight, and to go to bed then is early: so that to go to bed after midnight, is to go to bed betimes. Does not our liues consist of the foure Elements?

And. Faith so they say, but I thinke it rather consists of eating and drinking.

To. Th'art a scholler; let vs therefore eate and drinke, *Marian* I say, a stoope of wine.

Enter Clowne.

And. Heere comes the foole yfaith.

Clow. How now my harts: Did you neuer see the Picture of we three?

To. Welcome asse, now let's haue a catch.

And. By my troth the foole has an excellent breast. I had rather then forty shillings I had such a legge, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the foole has. Insooth thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spok'st of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Uapians* passing the Equinoctial of *Quenobus*: 'twas very good yfaith: I sent thee fixe pence for

for thy *Lemon*, hadst it?

Clow. I did impetuous thy gratillity: for *Maluolios* nose is no Whip-stocke. My Lady has a white hand, and the Mermaids are no bottle-ale houses.

And. Excellent: Why this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now a song.

To. Come on, there is fixe pence for you. Let's haue a song.

And. There's a restill of me too: if one knight giue a

Clow. Would you haue a loue-song, or a song of good

life?

To. A loue song, a loue song.

And. I, I. I care not for good life.

Clowne sings.

O Mistress mine where are you roming?

O stay and heare, your true loues coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further prettie sweeting.

Louneys end in louers meeting.

Euery wise mans sonne doth know.

And. Excellent good, ifaith.

To. Good, good.

Clow. What is loue, tis not heereafter,

Present mirth, hath present laughter:

What's to come, is still vntrue.

In delay there lies no plenty,

Then come kisse me sweet and twentie:

Toules a stiffe will not endure.

And. A mellifluous voyce, as I am true knight,

To. A contagious breath.

And. Very sweet, and contagious ifaith.

To. To heare by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion.

But shall we make the Welkin dance indeed? Shall wee

rowze the night-Owle in a Catch, that will drawe three

fooles out of one Weauer? Shall we do that?

And. And you loue me, let's doo't: I am dogge at a

Catch.

Clow. Byrlady sir, and some dogs will catch well.

And. Most certaine: Let our Catch be, *Thou Knaue*.

Clow. Hold thy peace, thou Knaue knight. I shall be con-

strain'd in't, to call thee knaue, knight.

And. 'Tis not the first time I haue constrained one to

call me knaue. Begin foole: it begins, *Hold thy peace*.

Clow. I shall neuer begin if I hold my peace.

And. Good ifaith: Come begin. *Catch sung*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a catterwalling doe you keepe heere? If

my Ladie haue not call'd vp her Steward *Maluolio*, and

bid him turne you out of doores, neuer trust me.

To. My Lady's a Catayan, we are politicians, *Maluolios*

a Peg-a-ransie, and *Three merry men be wee*. Am not I

conflaginious? Am I not of her blood: tilly vally. La-

die, *There dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady*.

Clow. Beshrew me, the knights in admirable fooling.

And. I, he do's well enough if he be dispos'd, and so

do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more

naturall.

To. O the twelfth day of December.

Mar. For the loue o' God peace.

Enter Maluolio.

Mal. My masters are you mad? Or what are you?

Haue you no wit, manners, nor honestie, but to gabble

like Tinkers at this time of night? Do yee make an Ale-

house of my Ladies house, that ye squeak out your Cozi-

ers Catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice?

Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?

To. We did keepe time fir

Mal. Sir *Toby*, I must be ro

bad me tell you, that though s

man, she's nothing ally'd to y

separate your selfe and your m

come to the house: if not, and

leau of her, she is very willing

To. Farewell deere heart, f

Mar. Nay good Sir *Toby*.

Clow. His eyes do shew his c

Mal. Is't euen so?

To. But I will neuer dye.

Clow. Sir *Toby* there you lye.

Mal. This is much credit to

To. Shall I bid him go.

Clow. What and if you do?

To. Shall I bid him go, and sp

Clow. O no, no, no, you dare

To. Out o'tune sir, ye lye: i

ard? Dost thou thinke because

shall be no more Cakes and Al

Clow. Yes by *S. Anne*, and Gi

mouth too.

To. Th'art i'th right. Goe l

crums. A stoop of Wine *Mari*

Mal. Mistress *Mary*, if you

at any thing more then contem

meanes for this vniuall rule; i

hand.

Mar. Go shake your eares.

And. 'Twere as good a deed

a hungrie, to challenge him the

promise with him, and make a

To. Doo't knight, Ile writie

deliuer thy indignation to him

Mar. Sweet Sir *Toby* be pa

the youth of the Counts was to

much out of quiet. For *Monfic*

with him: If I do not gull him

him a common recreation, do n

nough to lye straight in my bed

To. Possesse vs, possesse vs,

Mar. Marrie sir, sometime

And. O, if I thought that, I

To. What for being a Purit

deere knight.

And. I haue no exquisite rea

good enough.

Mar. The diu'll a Puritane

constantly but a time-pleaser,

cons State without booke, and

The best perswaded of himselfe

with excellencies, that it is his

that looke on him, loue him: an

my reuenge finde notable cause

To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way

loue, wherein by the colour of

legge, the manner of his gate,

forehead, and complexion, he

feelingly personated. I can

your Neece, on a forgotten ma

distinction of our hands.

To. Excellent, I smell a deu

And. I haue in my nose too.

To. He shall thinke by the L